There'll Always Be A Monster in Loch Ness

Italy Says a Raiding Aviator Blitzed Scotland's Famous Land-Locked Sea-Serpent But Hoot Mon! Squire MacFarlan-Barrow and His 3 Youngsters Say They Saw It Alive and Kicking—A True Symbol of How England Can Take It

A Striking Drawing by Professor Rudaux, of Donville Observatory, France, of a "Sea-Serpent" Reported in the Bay of Along, in Tonkin, "Reconstructed From the Stories of Numerous Witnesses," and Which Bears a Striking Resemblance to Descriptions of the "Monster of Loch Ness."

LONDON, Sept. 26.

THE famous sea-serpent of Loch Ness, Scotland, has come back, huge and lively as ever. But now the creature is more than a monster of the deep. It is something of a war hero, or heroine.

The Loch Ness mystery, first seen in 1933, soon grew to such importance that before the war a book had been written about "him," though there is no evidence to show that it is not a lady monster.

In 1941 the "Ness Monster" outclassed all others of his kind by being listed as the first sea-serpent victim of a bombing plane.

The Italian paper Popolo d'Italia, official organ of the Fascist party, solemnly announced that one of Mussolini's big planes, while raiding England, had bombed and destroyed a huge, serpent-like animal on the surface of Loch Ness.

Nothing perhaps could be more fantastic than this natural horror, perhaps a survivor of a prehistoric past, millions of years ago, to be killed by the latest unnatural horror, a monster mechanical bird that dropped eggs of death.

Yet, in some ways, this was the most convincing of all the reports, because the busy crew of a bombing plane, in the midst of their dangerous errand, would be the last persons in the world to imagine or invent a sea-serpent yarn.

The Loch Ness Monster, As Sketched by Mr. A. Grant From Lieut.-Commander Gould's Interesting Monograph Upon the Subject.

Anyhow the Admiralty did not deny the claim which remained until the other day as one of Italy's very few undisputed naval victories. Now it is denied by the very presence of the alleged casualty cruising around its old haunts at top speed. Possibly scarred and even shell-shocked, he seems to have returned perhaps from repairs at some deep-sea wetdock, and outwardly as good as ever.

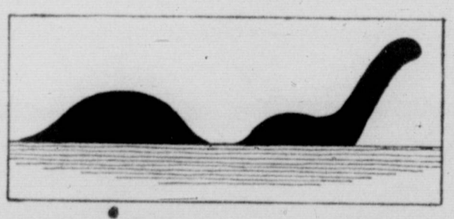
"Stout fella!" say the English, pleased as well as amused. He may be a monster but he has some sturdy, bull-dog characteristics which the British admire. He took a whole stick of bombs but is back, doing business at the same old stand, just as people do in London and Coventry.

Anyone rash enough to kill the old boy would probably find himself unpopular.

"There'll always be and England" runs the slogan.

Quick as a flash, it can be changed to:

"There'll always be a Monster in Loch Ness."



How Mr. R. Eliassen Saw a Similar Monster — Another Sketch From Lieut.-Commander Gould's Monograph.

The triumphant return of the monster was reported by the Inverness correspondent of the London Daily Mail, as follows:

"Mr. J. MacFarlan-Barrow and three of his children were out in a yacht dinghy when the monster broke surface near Glendoe pier. They saw a long, snaky neck and 15 to 18 feet of the body, shaped rather like an upturned boat. Obligingly the monster remained in sight for 10 minutes. Miss MacFarlan-Barrow told me:

"'It raced up and down and across the Loch as if in really high spirits. Occasionally it dived and reappeared with the agility of a giant sea bird. It must have covered seven miles during the display. Sometimes it moved so rapidly that columns of water, several feet high, were thrown up. It dived and disappeared about half a mile from Fort Augustus.'"

"How," asked the paper facetiously, "could MacFarlan-Barrow have seen the monster when Popolo d'Italia knows it has been killed?"

* * *

The question arises in one's mind that perhaps the Fascist paper was trying to brighten the gloomy war news with a little harmless imagination. But The American Weekly is able to give its readers a letter, kindly furnished by Count Goffredo Pantaleoni, who resigned some time ago as head of the Italian Tourist Bureau and took out his first American citizenship papers, in protest against Italy's entering the war on the side of the Axis. The letter is from an old friend whose name is omitted for that reason. It is as follows:

September 3, 1941.

Count Goffredo Pantaleoni,
Italian Tourist Information Bureau,
626 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

My Dear Goffredo:

I am writing to tell you about a most fantastic coincidence. First let me say however, that I have at hand your letter in which you denounce Fascism and state that you have resigned from the Party as well as head of the bureau. Naturally, I was shocked to hear that an early party member and respected son of a distinguished parent, Professor of Political Economy in Rome and former friend of Il Duce himself, should choose such a course.... I understand you have become an American citizen....

But about the coincidence I mentioned. You will recall how in the old days you told me about your uncle, Dr. Harrison Cripps, and his villa "Glendaruel" in Argyllshire, Scotland, which you visited on your holiday. I remember that I thought the tales which you told me seemed to be most amusing folk-lore. Goffredo, I have not only seen the Loch Ness monster at which I once scoffed, but I have bombed and perhaps killed him!

This incredible thing happened on the last big bombing raid over England when I participated with my German comrades.

It was a bright moonlight night when we had our rendezvous over the Eastern side of the Channel. The Germans were to blitz London and our Italian contingent was to descend on Ipswich and Harwich from the North.

Everything went according to plan until we were almost in sight of Ipswich when suddenly there was a deadly screen of anti-aircraft fire thrown up between us and our objectives. Then the English Spitfires and Hurricanes arose like hordes of angry hornets and disrupted our formation.

I turned about and headed North, without having dropped a bomb. Thinking that we would rendezvous some miles North, I kept my course, but failed to see any of my comrades.

Gigi, my navigator, had considerable difficulty with the instruments and when he finally took our bearings he placed us as somewhere in Scotland.

I spotted a large lake, lying still and peaceful in the moonlight and I headed for it, thinking that our navigator could then orient himself more accurately.

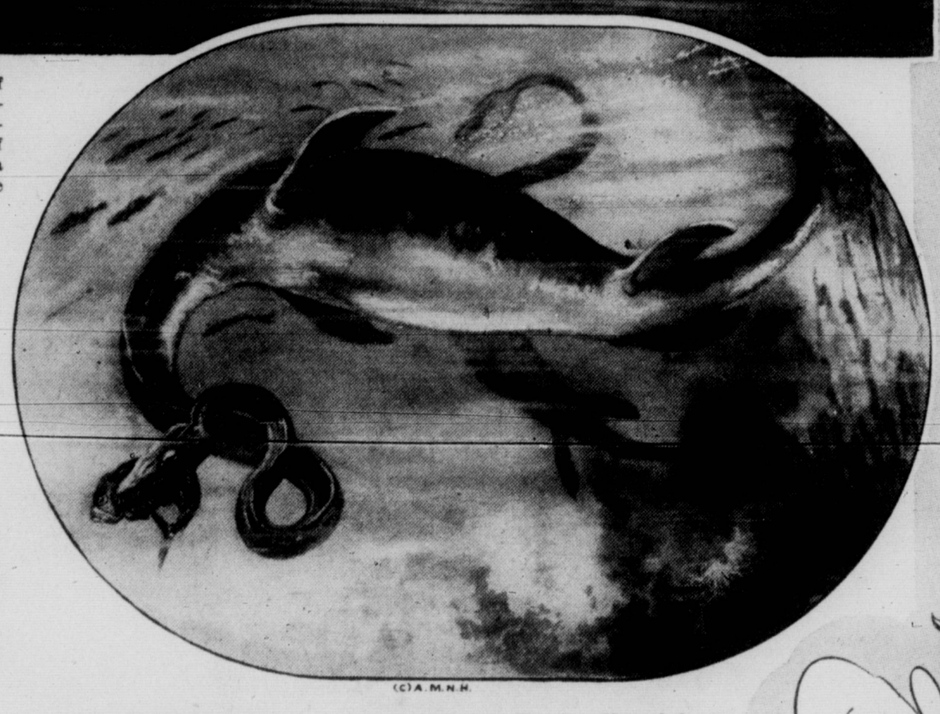
Coming down to two thousand feet to search for identifying landmarks, I was amazed to see Luigi suddenly point downward energetically and thump me on the shoulder. Not knowing what was up, I came down another thousand feet and had a look.

At first I mistook that large object in the water for a boat, perhaps an armed, hostile vessel. Then as my eyes traced its outlines more clearly, I gasped with astonishment. For there, moving slowly across the placid water was a gigantic monster, perhaps forty feet in length!

It wasn't swimming exactly, but moving forward in a series of undulations, its back curved into humps like a caterpillar. It was a dirty white in color and even though it was proceeding slowly, its powerful tail kicked up a tremendously powerful wake. Two or three times it raised its head as it progressed and I saw then that it had a lizard-like head, except that the structure was much more bony.

I circled the lake once to observe the creature from all angles. Gigi and Dominick, my bombardier, sat there goggle-eyed, unable to speak.

Finally I looked at Dominick and nodded. There was no sense in carrying our bombs home with us. This was as good as any other place to drop them. So I gained altitude and Dominick let them go.



(C) A.M.N.H.

Charles Knight's Painting of the Ancient Sea Monster Named by Science the Elasmosaurus, a Survivor of Which Science Thinks Could Conceivably Be the Loch Ness Monster. From One of This Artist's Paintings in the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

The stick straddled the shore and shallows and burst with a mighty roar. Looking backward, I could see the monster flopping violently and then his entire body came to the surface, either stunned by the concussion or killed outright, I do not know.

I would very much have liked to stay around longer and observe the effects more fully but we were running short of petrol, so I had to head for home.

Until your next letter,

Affectionately,

G——

Yet, the whole mystery of the monster might be a combination of hoax and illusion. A dispassionate observer, familiar with all the tricks the water plays on the eye, was needed and just such a man made a study of it in 1934. Lieutenant Commander R. T. Gould set forth the evidence and his findings in "The Loch Ness Monster."

Commander Gould discarded considerable testimony because on questioning the witness, he found that conditions such as distance and visibility, made error possible.

But he accepted others, including photographs which though distant and blurred, indicated a huge animal distrubing the surface of the lake. These gave almost nothing to identify the species of the creature but sketches, made by others, did better.

Still, it was like a person who had never seen a submarine, trying to guess at the size and shape of the craft from glimpses of the conning tower, periscope and a few feet of deck plowing through the water.

Fortunately, Mr. A. Grant, of Edinburgh, claims to have viewed the mystery fairly close, and on dry land. It happened at night but under a full moon, so bright that one could read fine print.

Mr. Grant was on a motorcycle going from Inverness to Polmailly when, near Abriachan, he noticed a large black object at the side of the road. "When he was almost level with the object," the account states, "it apparently took fright, made two great bounds across the road and plunged into the Loch.

"He described it as from 15 to 20 feet long, with a small head on a long neck, a bulky body, with two slight humps on it and a long tail rounded at the end. The head resembled that of an eel, with large eyes set near the crown. The creature loped across the road, in the manner of a sea lion, arching its back and resting on front and back flippers alternately."

From Grant's sketch shown on this page, it is easy to see that the animal could be a descendent of the known monsters of the saurian age, with surprisingly little evolutionary change.

A sketch by a school teacher, Mr. R. Eliassen, of a monster he saw off Ingoy, Norway, might well be the same animal except that Eliassen and his father thought it several times larger than Grant's "object."

The Bombs Fell Close to the Monster, Writes the Italian Aviator, Who Reported Its Killing. But the English Now Have the Idea That He Mistook a British Gesture of Derision for Its Death Throes.

© 1941, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.